Pal. H'es a villaine then.
Per. Theſe are men.
Arcite. No,never Duke: Tis worſe to me than begging
To take my life ſo baſely,though I thinke
I never ſhall enjoy her,yet ile preſerve
The honour of affection,and dye for her,
Make death a Devill.
Theſ. What may be done? for now I feele compaſſion
Per. Let it not fall agen Sir.
Theſ. Say *Emilia*
If one of them were dead,as one muſt,are you
Content to take th'other to your husband?
They cannot both enjoy you; They are Princes
As goodly as your owne eyes,and as noble
As ever fame yet ſpoke of; looke upon'em,
And if you can love,end this difference,
I give conſent,are you content too Princes?
Both. With all our ſoules.
Theſ. He that ſhe refuſes
Muſt dye then.
Both. Any death thou canſt invent Duke.
Pal. If I fall from that mouth,I fall with favour,
And Lovers yet unborne ſhall bleſſe my aſhes.
Arc. If ſhe refuſe me,yet my grave will wed me,
And Souldiers ſing my Epitaph.
Theſ. Make choice then.
Emil. I cannot Sir,they are both too excellent
For me,a hayre ſhall never fall of theſe men.
Hip. What will become of 'em?
Theſ. Thus I ordaine it,
And by mine honor,once againe it ſtands,
Or both ſhall dye. You ſhall both to your Countrey,
And each within this moneth accompanied
With three faire Knights,appeare againe in this place,
In which Ile plant a Pyramid; and whether
Before us that are here,can force his Coſen
By fayre and knightly ſtrength to touch the Pillar,
He ſhall enjoy her: the other looſe his head,

And

And all his friends; Nor ſhall
Nor thinke he dies with inte
Will this content yee?
Pal. Yes:here Coſen *Arcit*
I am friends againe, till that h
Arc. I embrace ye.
Theſ. Are you content Siſte
Emil, Yes,I muſt Sir,
Elſ both miſcarry.
Theſ. Come ſhake hands ag
And take heede, as you are Ge
Sleepe till the howre prefixt, a
Pal. We dare not faile thee
Theſ. Come, Ile give ye
Now uſage like to Princes,and
When ye returne, who wins,
Who looſes,yet Ile weepe upo

Actus Qu

Scæna 1. *Enter Iailor*
Iailor. Heare you no more,
Concerning the eſcape of *Pala*
Good Sir remember.
1. *Fr.* Nothing that I heard,
For I came home before the bu
Was fully ended: Yet I might
Ere I departed, a great likeliho
Of both their pardons:For *Hip*
And faire-eyd *Emilie*,upon th
Begd with ſuch handſom pitty,
Me thought ſtood ſtaggering,
His raſh o'th,or the ſweet com
Of thoſe two Ladies;and to ſe
That truely noble Prince *Perit*
Halfe his owne heart, ſet in to
All ſhall be well: Neither hear

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Two Noble Kinsmen* (STC 11075) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C